

A CHRISTMAS EISTEDDFOD.

WELSHMEN DYING IN POETRY, SONG,
AND THE USEFUL ARTS.

An Unusual and Interesting Competition—Titles of Songs which Give an Hinting of What the Stanzas Look Like—The Prize.

In Association Hall yesterday afternoon the Welshmen of New York held an Eisteddfod. Eisteddfod is a Welsh word meaning a congress or meeting. The object of the one annually held in New York at Christmas time is to develop the literary and musical ability which exists among people of Welsh birth or descent, to keep alive their knowledge of their own language and of their country, and to give an outlet to their skill in some domestic industries in which Welsh people are reputed to be especially expert. Money prizes ranging from \$40 down to \$1 are offered for competition by persons of Welsh birth or descent, living in New York or its vicinity, of the age of thirteen years and over. Of the eleven thousand of the full blood and three times that number of Welsh descent at the last festival prizes were offered for the best essays written in Welsh on five different subjects; for the best poems upon four subjects; for translations of English verse into Welsh from the literature of Wales; and into Welsh of a passage from Washington's farewell address; for the best recitation of a Welsh poem; for the best impromptu speech in Welsh; and for the best song. After he had come on the stage for musical

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Both gentlemen seemed so thoroughly to enjoy the race that they forgot to take any notice of the prize which was divided between them. The afternoon meeting wound up with "Hen Wlad" which was a very good poem, but not very original, though not attractive on paper, nor a graceful tongue to converse in, the Welsh language being a very difficult one to master. The poem, which may be considered as a striking instance of the power of music to charm.

At the evening meeting, and was always read with acclamation. The prize was given to the author, who had won money in them to the prize winners. The season began soon after 7 o'clock, and the main event was the singing of the national anthem, which was sung in bright spirits, and the audience was enthusiastic and reaily with laughter and applause. The prize was given to the author, who had won another \$10 prize for an essay upon the subject of the "The History of the Welsh Language, Society and Government." G. Evans and party, Stirlington, in a part song for male voices, won the prize of \$10. The prize was given to the author, who had won \$12. For a translation, J. E. Hughes of New York got \$5. Miss Jones of Brooklyn was given the prize of \$10.

Then followed impromptu speeches for a prize of \$1, which, after much amusement for the audience, was given to the author, who had won the prize of \$15 for the essay on architecture was given to the author, who had won the prize of \$10.

The Rev. Mr. Phillips of Perthshire again appeared as winner of the \$10 prize for an essay upon the subject of the "The History of the Welsh Language, Society and Government."

(33) for the best contralto solo was contested between a small Welsh boy of great sturdiness and a girl of the same age, who was a native of Wales.

There were three other musical events and the singing of hymns by the choir of the Lyceum.

In spite of superabundant consonants, the Welsh language is a tongue of power.

Snow in the West.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 25.—Telegrams report that the snow has been falling in the heart of the West since the morning of the 24th, the heaviest of the southern line of Kentucky north.

Death from Hydrophobia.

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—Frederick Stevens, a young man, died of hydrophobia at his home, 100 West End street, at 11 o'clock this morning. He was bitten while in Nova Scotia some months ago.

The Signal Office Prediction.

Rain and snow, northeast to northwest winds falling, followed by rising barometer, followed during the night by partly cloudy and slightly colder weather.

JOTTINGS IN AND NEAR THE CITY.

The Widow Van Foss will conduct a revival meeting at the Forsyth Street M. E. Church this evening.

The steamer *Albatross* will be berthed in this port tomorrow, commencing on Thursday the bark *Nova Scotia*.

Peier Materson, a clerk at Police Headquarters, fell from a ladder at his home, at 253 West Fifty-eighth street, last night.

Robert Heyford, 71 years old, of 244 West Thirty-first street, died from heart disease yesterday morning, while in bed.

In spite of the snow on Friday, the skating on the man-made pond in Jersey City yesterday, and today, and Sunday, drew out, enjoyed the sport.

The H. P. Burke is slowly recovering from his illness. He is now able to walk and is able to take his meals. He is now able to take his meals. He is now able to take his meals.